

*The history*

marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troilus*.

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweet Lord,

*Pan.* Go too sweet Queene, go to?

Comends him selfe most affectionatly to you.

*Hel.* You shall not bob vs out of our melody,  
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

*Pan.* Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, thats a sweet Queene  
I faith

*Hel.* And to make a sweet Lady sad is a sower offence.

*Pan.* Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not  
in truth la? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my  
Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at super.  
You will make his excuse.

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*.

*Pan.* What saies my sweete Queene, y very very sweet  
Queene?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand, where suppes he to night?

*Hel.* Nay but my Lord?

*Pan.* What saies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out  
with you.

*Hel.* You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* Ile lay my life with my disposer *Cresseida*.

*Pan.* No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your  
disposer is sicke.

*Par.* Well ile makes excuse?

*Pan.* I good my Lord, why should you say *Cresseida*, no,  
your disposers sick. *Par.* I spie?

*Pan.* You spy? what doe you spie? come, giue mee an in-  
strument, now sweete Queene:

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Pan.* My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue  
sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Shee shall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord  
*Paris*.

*Pand.* Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are  
cawine.

*Hel.* Falling in after falling out may make them three.

*Pand.*

*of Troilus and*

*Pand.* Come, come, Ile heare  
song now.

*Hell.* I, I, prethee, now by my  
fine fore-head.

*Pand.* I you may, you may.

*Hell.* Let thy song be loue: t  
*Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

*Pand.* Loue? I that it shall yf

*Par.* I good now loue, loue, t

*Pand.* Loue, loue, nothing but t

For o loues bow. Shoots E

The shafts confound not t

But tickles still the sore:

These louers cry, oh ho the

Yet that which seemes the

Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha

So dying loue lines still,

O ho a while, but ha ha ha

O ho groines out for ha ha

*Hell.* In loue I faith to the ve

*Par.* He eates nothing but do  
blood, and hot blood begets hot

beget hot deedes, and hot deeds

*Pand.* Is this the generation  
thoughts and hot deedes, why

neration of vipers:

Sweete Lord whose a field to da

*Par.* *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenu*  
lantry of Troy. I would faine hau

would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troilus*

*Hell.* He hangs the lippe at so

*Pandarus.*

*Pand.* Not I hony sweete

they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers

*Par.* To a hayre.

*Pand.* Farewell sweete Quee